

Good Morning \$68

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

By THOMAS A. KEMPIS

KEEP a good conscience and you'll always be happy. For the glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience.

A good conscience can bear very much indeed; it helps you to have a stout heart even in the worst adversity. But—a bad conscience is always fearful and uneasy.

You are certain to rest easily if your heart does not reprehend you.

And—never rejoice except when you have done well.

The man who's a bad lot never has true joy. Saith the Lord, there is no peace for the wicked.

For the wrath of God will rise suddenly and their deeds shall be brought to nothing and their projects shall perish.

To glory in tribulation is not hard for a man who loves; for, so to glory, is to glory in the cross of Our Lord.

But that glory is short-lived which is given and taken by men.

The glory of men is in their own consciences—not in the mouths of others.

The glory of the world is always accompanied by sorrow.

The joy of the just is from God and in God; they rejoice in the truth.

The man who wants true and everlasting glory does not value the temporal above the eternal.

The man who cares neither for praise nor dispraise has great tranquility of heart.

He will be easily content and in peace whose conscience is clean.

For you are not really better if you are praised; nor are you any the worse if you are dispraised.

What you are, you are; you cannot be said to be greater than God sees you to be.

If you consider well what you are within yourself, you

will not care what men say of you.

Man beholds the face; but God looks upon the heart.

Man considers the action; but God weighs the intention.

To do always well and not to have a high opinion of yourself is the path to perfection.

He that seeks no outward glory for himself shows plainly that his heart is with God.

For, as St. Paul said, the man who commends himself is not approved, but the man whom God commends.

WITH two wings is a man lifted above earthly things; with simplicity and purity.

Simplicity must be in the intention; purity in the affection.

Simplicity aims at God; purity things hold of Him.

No action will hinder you if you are free from inordinate affections.

If you seek nothing but to do the will of God and to help your neighbour, you will enjoy internal freedom.

If you are good and pure within, you will see all things in a true perspective and understand them aright.

For a pure heart penetrates heaven and hell.

If there be joy in the world, certainly, the man whose heart is pure enjoys it.

Mark Priestley Talks of Our Glass Future 1,000 GLASS MIRACLES

GLASS that will float, glass by the mile, glass that can withstand 3,600 F. heat and come up uncracked and smiling! It's coming! It's here!

So is glass that doesn't cut visibility by casting reflections, insulating glass that will keep your house warm, new-type glass thin as a soap bubble to help cure disease by speeding the passage of ultra-violet rays.

A thousand glass miracles!

For this is the glass age. The age of glass houses in which you can safely throw stones, the era of glass shirts and armour-plated glass and pre-shrunk glass. Glass used to be just something to see through. Often, when it reflected the light back, it wasn't even that! Now it makes furniture, fabrics, a thousand vital commodities of war.

JUST consider the heat-treated thick plate glass of the portholes of the newest warships. Tougher than ever, like the Navy itself. This in turn is shrunk by heat. A 10½ in. plate comes out of the ovens 1½ inches smaller. It is this glass which is rendering possible metal fusions vital to speed-flying.

Don't forget the glass "wool" that is used to insulate the walls, protect refrigerated spaces, bulkheads, engine-rooms, steam-pipes and electric wiring.

While you're about it, step into the operating theatre. Glass thread to stitch wounds has been found stronger and better than catgut, and it produces no allergies. Blood plasma infusions, a vitally important treatment for shock, needed something finer than gauze to separate minute foreign particles from the plasma. Finely woven glass tape filled the need.

At a 50-acre glassworks in the Midlands I've just seen where the glass is made for the lenses and prisms of the skipper's binoculars, the coloured glass for port and star-board lights, the rows of flat contact glass lights for airfield runways.

You might glance at those lights and think nothing of them—yet the glass is so strong that it can withstand a pressure of 15 tons to the square inch. Big jobs?

This firm made the Eddy-stone light. They glazed the original 956,000 square feet of glass in the Crystal Palace; but that's nothing to some of the war jobs tackled by the glass industry.

Take the treatment for rendering glass tough enough to withstand a temperature of 3,600 F. Initial heat treatment separates the boro-sili-

cate glass into harder and softer components. The softer glass is dissolved away by nitric acid, leaving a porous structure of very hard glass.

Glass as a textile, too, is a new miracle. The fibres begin as a glass marble ½ in. in diameter. Melted down at 2,700 degrees, pressed through a porous mesh, it emerges in the form of 204 filaments, each twenty-two one-hundred-thousandths of an inch thick, invisible to the naked eye under ordinary light.

The one small glass marble yields 97 miles of single-strand thread, weighing 45 yards to the pound and having a tensile strength equal to steel. We used to laugh at glass shirts because they were ersatz.

Yet you'll find it difficult to wear out a glass shirt. It proves tear-resistant. And you can spill coffee on a glass table cloth—and mop out the stain.

Glass fibre, of course, is the answer to a lot of things. Moths despise it. As heat insulation it is less bulky than asbestos. As a dust filter it proves a boon to hay fever martyrs.

Glass wool, oddly enough, was used for one of the biggest black-out jobs in the world, that of a Fort Worth bomber plant, 4,000 feet long, 320 feet wide. The building hasn't a single window, but now probably contains more glass than any other structure of its size!

Toughened glass stairways became the talk of the world when they appeared at a



Paris exhibition before the war. Now one firm is getting ready to prefabricate them, and Churchill kitchens will soon be out-dated unless they have an all-glass oven through which you can see what is happening to the roast.

Perhaps you'll find it strange to glance at a clock that seems to have no glass at all. The new non-reflecting glass is going to be a boon to shop windows, too, not to mention photography.

Glass, in short, is going places. It's gone a long way since the Egyptians invented it, around 4,000 B.C. Even when a French chemist accidentally discovered safety glass forty years ago—he dropped a bottle that did not smash because it was coated with a celluloid film—he did not anticipate glass as it is to-day.

I have seen opaque white glass kerbs, set along arterial roads in Essex and Lancashire. They have the advantage of permanency over the more usual white paint. Glass with a yellow tinge keeps the flies out of

farmhouses, for flies dislike yellow light.

Industry is turning out glass cushions to soften noise, and there's a new building glass that can be twisted, pierced, and even planed like wood. Glass used to come only from skilled craftsmen who were ever blowing bubbles. Electrical methods of manufacture have swiftened the pace.

Yet the hand-blown pieces of the twentieth century sit to-day alongside the work of 15th-century Venetian craftsmen, who surpassed all others in the magic of creating gossamer-thin crystal. We have regained many of the secrets of craftsmanship.

Glass can age, splinter and die. Some of the world's most prized museum pieces are subject to illnesses—they sweat, crack, smell, and at sometimes takes years of patience to effect a cure.

But in the glass world modern craftsmen and modern industry march side by side in giving glass new immortality.

Here's the Family, A.B. Archie Swann

PRESENTING James Barrie, eighteen-month-old nephew of Able Seaman Archie Swann, whose home is at 27 Houlditch Road, Leicester. Exactly eighteen months old, James Barrie cocks his hat in a natty nautical manner already, and we're

laying six to four that this bright lad'll follow in Uncle's footsteps and join the Submarine Service some day.

The folk at home send a hearty "Howdy" to you, Archie. We'll say that your niece Audrey is very easy on the eyes—in fact, we wouldn't be surprised if she didn't draw coos of ecstasy from some of your shipmates when they see this picture.

Although she hasn't been working long, Audrey has already found herself a handsome Bevin Boy, by name Eric Finch, who always enquires kindly after you whenever he visits Audrey at home. Maybe Eric thinks that he'd better be on the right side of you—or maybe somebody's been stuffing him about the lads in the Service.

Mum is keeping well, Archie, and so is your sister Edna. As for Timmy, well, Mum takes him for a walk almost every day, so that he'll be fighting-fit.

Mum saw Mrs. Gamble from Fleckney the other day, and she wanted to be remembered to you, so we're taking this opportunity of reminding you that she hasn't forgotten her little lad.

Your other married sister, Linda, is still working on munitions, and all send their love. Good Hunting!



ONLY FOUR, BUT MANAGES specially made for him by his mother.
MOTOR- PLOUGH.

THIS youngster is only four years old, but he is old enough to manage the heavy motor plough on his father's fruit and vegetable farm in the Cheddar Valley.

Taught by his father to use the plough, it is now impossible to keep him away from it, and apart from a little help in turning at the end of a furrow, he does the job alone, and quite expertly.

Wherever there is land to be ploughed the lad insists on doing it, clad in the overalls

Sunday Thoughts

As ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. Goldsmith.

The impregnable rock of Scripture. Title of a book by W. E. Gladstone.

'Tis ever thus with simple folk—an accepted wit has but to say "Pass the mustard," and they roar their ribs out. W. S. Gilbert.

The meanest flowret of the vale, The simplest note that swells the gale, The common sun, the air, and skies, To him are opening Paradise. Thomas Gray.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Father of Spitfire

(Russell Sinclair tells an heroic story)

FEW people know the inner story of the man who, individually, did as much as any other to win this war. It is a remarkable story. For this man fashioned his desire while he lay helpless on a bed of pain.

I speak of Reginald Joseph Mitchell, the designer of the Spitfire airplane, the famous plane that won for Britain the Battle of 1940 in the air, when Nazi machines blackened the skies.

Mitchell died from cancer on June 11th, 1937, yet, while the sentence of death still hung over him, he worked and laboured until he had designed and perfected his machine. This is the intimate story which only his closest friends knew.

He was born in 1895 in the Staffordshire district known as Talke-o'-th'-Hill, near Hanley. He studied mechanics in his youth, going to night classes and local technical colleges, and won a prize for mathematics at the Wedgwood Institute, Burslem.

On his father's advice, he went to Southampton and saw the superintendent of a supermarine aviation works. He became a member of the staff—at the age of 22. Three years later he was chief engineer and designer for the firm.

He specialised then in flying boats. He designed one called the Sea Eagle, which flew between Southampton and the Channel Islands. He designed another, the Sea Lion, which won the Schneider Trophy race at Naples in 1922.

The Air Ministry woke up to the fact that here was not only a pioneer, but a genius. He designed for them a machine called the S.4. It was secret in every detail, and it broke away from all previous designs. It smashed every record by doing 226.75 m.p.h.

After that he designed the machines that won the Schneider Trophy in 1927, 1929 and 1931—and outright for Britain!

It was he who designed and worked on the S.5, which, piloted by Lieut. Webster, raised a howl of rage in Italy because at Venice it reached the speed of over 281 m.p.h. The Italians had never seen anything like it; nor, for that matter, had anybody else.

Reginald Mitchell went triumphantly from one success to another after that. It was

he who designed the four Southampton machines which, with R.A.F. crews, made the trip from England to Singapore and then round the Australian coast.

What did he get for all his labour for his country? Not until 1932 was his genius recognised, and then his name figured in the Honours List. He got a C.B.E.

What sort of man was he? One of the most modest. He once told me he would rather design a plane than make a speech. And his one concern was the safety of crews who flew his planes.

When a plane was being made, he would walk round the benches of the workshops, watching every bolt and nut, every screw, every detail. Was it strong enough, good enough, safe enough? When a test pilot was going up on a new plane he had designed, it was the same.

On nights when tests were made, he would walk up and down Southampton streets for hours, hoping things would be all right, that the pilot would be safe, that nothing would give way in the plane.

In those days the effects of great speeds on crews were not understood as they are today.

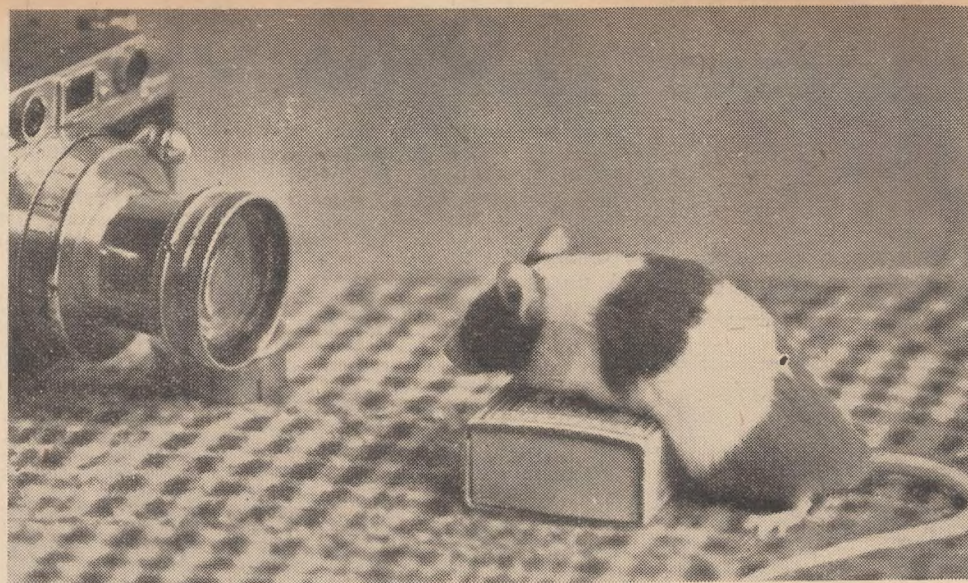
It was out of the experience of the Schneider ships that Mitchell found the material for his Spitfire. He had dreamed of it long. He had made model after model. And when he was about to begin working on it in earnest he was told by his doctors that he had cancer.

He was already in the grip of that disease when he laid his plans and drew his designs for the Spitfire.

His wife nursed him, encouraged him, helped him to work out this dream plane, this plane that was to be "The Master of the Skies." He worked the harder as his life ebbed away.

The staff of his firm came to his bedside to listen to him, to hear his ideas, to carry out his orders. They had technical discussions with this dying man!

And he made it. The Master of the Skies! He did not live to know the extent of its victories in the skies—but the Luftwaffe knew...



Only for Fun? But— They make Fortunes

Andrew Slate cites some cases

WHITFIELD KING, stamp collector, started dealing in foreign stamps as a sideline to his spare-time hobby when he was employed in the office of a shipping firm.

He began with a capital of 1s. 4d., and eventually his business became so prosperous that the firm of Whitfield King send catalogues all over the world, have sold stamps to kings, and once filed an order for 2,000,000 foreign stamps at once.

One way to be successful, in fact, is just to take your hobby—and develop it!

Edgar Thornber, the poultry king, hatched his first chickens in orange boxes. With his first profits he bought a little incubator and hatched more chickens in his bedroom. It was strictly a hobby at first, but now he owns the largest hatcheries in Europe.

Young Tony Bernard, too, made the piano his hobby. He saved his pocket-money every week for lessons.

Even when he lost his right arm he refused to give up his ambition. When he had no piano of his own, he practised on public-house pianos.

He had a full-time job as a hospital porter, but he always found time for his music. Then he gave a one-hand piano programme at a cinema, and won

a contest. To-day he holds a contract for a series of concerts as a pianist.

Patience, plus the hobby, plus persistence—that's the recipe!

Bob Whiting, formerly a bank clerk, used to get a lot of spare-time fun out of modelling grotesque little figures with clay and chicken bones. When he found himself laid up in hospital he gave his hobby an extra boost.

He made "lucky Cornish pixies" out of wishbones, and modelled bunches of flowers out of Cornish clay. The effort led ultimately to a full-time business, selling 1,500 of his hobby figures a month!

Then there's Ronald H. Riley, who used to make amateur movies just for fun. The cinema got into his blood and he started in business, deliberately gambling on whether or not he could start films that cinemas would find worth buying.

He started in a small way, making little organ interludes, three-minute films that cinemas could flash on to the screen while the organ was playing. They booked well, and he

launched more ambitiously into ten-minute interest films.

To-day he is in charge of many of the cultural films that tell the world of Britain's great war effort.

That's the way it goes. Music was a hobby with George Gershwin, but when he first played the piano on the stage he was laughed out of the theatre.

Zane Grey at first could only write Western stories as a spare-time hobby—and was flatly told even then by a publisher that he had no ability.

Sikorsky, the big name behind the newest hoverplanes, started with backyard machines.

And, in quite another field, Tommy Handley was strictly on spare-time schedules when he first went into entertainment. He discovered he could make more in one night entertaining than he could in six days selling toys—and do you wonder?

And meet A. J. Tuck, who once kept two pet mice as a hobby, until he got to thinking of the possibilities of organised mouse-farming.

His mouse farm now supplies mice to scores of medical research schools and to zoos where they are used as food for birds and reptiles. His original pair has developed into a family of 250,000.

It makes you think, doesn't it?

There's S. H. Harvey, who trained with an insurance firm, but found it more amusing to make work-boxes and nests of tables in his leisure hours.

By the time he was widening his activities to include cocktail cabinets and nursery furniture, his workshop had spread into the kitchen and his dining-room had become a permanent store-room.

Eventually the local council stopped him working at home, so he bought up an old chapel and converted it. He was never taught cabinet-making. He picked it up gradually—and soon he found himself making a substantial portion of the nursery furniture of British homes.

Nearly every man has a hobby, something that fills his leisure with intense interest. Enlarging it, trying it out, testing its possibilities till it fills one's whole time, is one way of making one's own career—and maybe a future.

PETER DAVIS.

Smugglers knew their job in the Good Old Days before Progress took a lot of the Romance out of life. They covered spirit bottles with layers of cork, so that the bottles would float when thrown overboard, and come ashore on tide.

A noble mind disdains to hide his head, And let his foes triumph in his overthrow.
Robert Greene (1560-1592).

STILL MORE WORDS

HERE is a further batch of words to fit the popular tunes you whistle, printed by courtesy of the publishers. Song sheets—words and music—are being distributed at places where the clever ones who play can make use of them.



ICE COLD KATY.

By courtesy of B. Feldman and Co. Words by Frank Loesser. Music by Arthur Schwartz.

Private Jones is camping on the doorstep of Miss Katy Brown. She must be the very, very coldest creature in this town. He's been there for seven days and nights and now his leave is thro'. And still she won't, still she won't, still she won't say "I do."

Refrain.

Ice Cold Katy, won't you marry the soldier?
Ice Cold Katy, won't you do it to-day?
Ice Cold Katy, won't you marry the soldier?
Soon he'll march away.
Ice Cold Katy, he's a-dyin' to hold ya,
Keep that date he came a-hurryin' for.
Ice Cold Katy, won't you marry the soldier?
Soon he's off to war.
There he is outside, ringin', ringin', ringin' on your bell,
Ringing so long, he's gonna be a double-u O L.
Ice Cold Katy, won't you do what I told ya!
Ice Cold Katy, you're the talk of the town,
Ice Cold Katy, won't you marry the soldier?
Melt, melt, melt on down,
Ice Cold Katy Brown.

A LITTLE SMILE.

By courtesy of the Lawrence Wright Music Co. Written and composed by Alf Ritter.

Always try to be cheerful
As you walk along the street,
Keep on smiling ev'ry day
To all the friends you meet.

Chorus.

A little smile, a little nod,
And then you say, "How do you do?"
It means a lot, worth all you've got
To all your friends when they feel blue.
You never know when you may need
A little cheery word or two.
And you can bet they won't forget,
For they can do the same for you.

Just remember pride had a fall,
Kind words cost you nothing at all,
Ev'ry day now try to be fair,
Then you'll walk around the town just like a millionaire.
A little smile, a little nod,
And then you say, "How do you do?"
It means a lot, worth all you've got
To all your friends when they feel blue.

HAPPY DAYS, HAPPY MONTHS, HAPPY YEARS.

By courtesy of Noel Gay Music Co. Words and Music by Frank Eyton and Noel Gay.

You've got so much happiness to spread around,
You brought all the happiness I ever found.
Life has been just Heaven from the start,
I wish you now with all my heart:

Chorus.

Happy Days, Happy Months, Happy Years,
Happy hours, full of smiles, free from tears,
May you find ev'ry single minute
With sixty very happy seconds in it,
And on each anniversary day
I shall bring you a token and say,
"I love you, my dear, more than ever,
So here's Happy Days, Happy Months, Happy Years."

Coffee into Cosmetics

HAD a cup of coffee lately? The trade is unanimous that tea - rationing ashore created a 10 per cent. coffee increase. Every year Britain still imports 400,000 cwt. of coffee. One London restaurant chain still serves 5,000,000 cups of coffee a week.

But food statisticians have proved that the average Englishman still drinks only half the amount of coffee taken by his grandfather, and much less than the folk of other countries.

The average consumption of coffee per head, despite the coffee boom, is still less than 1lb. per year. Yet in Sweden they take 16lb. At the top of the coffee tree, Brazilians consume 20lb. per head each year.

Of the world's five billion coffee trees, more than half are in Brazil. In recent years, in order to keep up prices, they have destroyed 4,000,000 bags a month.

Coffee beans were shovelled into the ocean or mixed with tar to make a slow-burning—and aromatic—fuel for railway trains.

Crop after crop was heaped into bonfires. An air pilot flying over the country around Sao Paulo, in

the worst days of the blaze, found that the stench of burning coffee made him sick and giddy. The caffeine fumes went to his head.

Chemical companies experimented in making coffee fertiliser, coffee glue, coffee cardboard, and even coffee rayon.

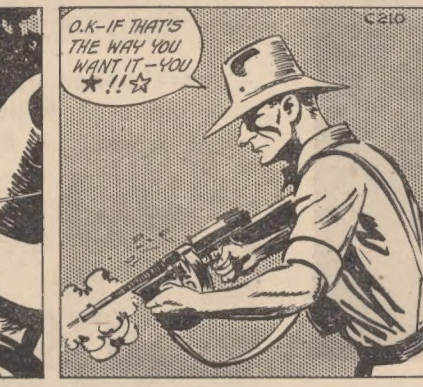
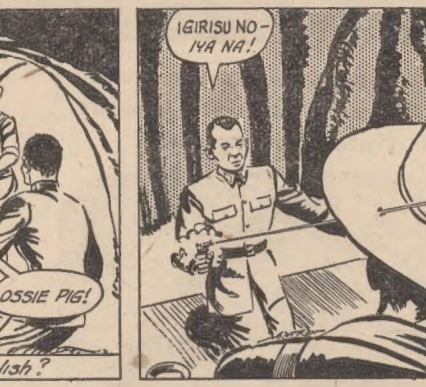
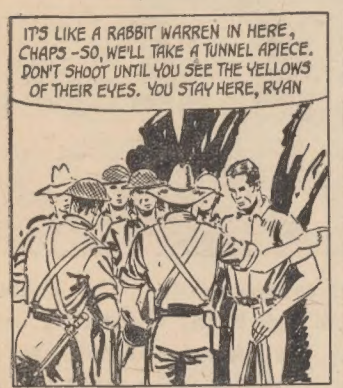
The girls of Brazil began to

wear "silk" stockings made of coffee. Their fountain pens were filled with coffee ink, and attempts were actually made to launch a coffee lipstick.

During the worst period of this amazing destruction, seven out of every ten bags of coffee from the plantations were being destroyed or diverted.



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

It is always interesting, I feel, to learn why a man collects postage stamps. To the uninitiated it is a mystery why anybody collects them, but even the collector who understands and loves the hobby may be puzzled sometimes by the haphazard character of another's album, and wonder what made the owner buy those particular items.

I am not concerned with the big collectors, the men who buy up colour errors in triangular Capes, or put down £5,000 for a Post Office Mauritius.

We know well enough that, however pure their interest in the hobby at first, they are engaged in a profit-making business. They stand to lose money or to make it, as in any speculative field of finance.



On the whole, the moderate or small collector does not accumulate stamps with the sole purpose of selling them again when the market improves.

True, he occasionally buys lucky; such stamps as the Jubilee set, the Sydney Bridge, and so on. Still more frequently, he buys wisely, experience having taught him to distinguish between sound issues and rubbishy labels.

There is a type of collection which has nothing to do with money value or purely philatelic considerations.

A woman who asked me recently to look at her albums warned me that "she collected only yellow stamps." Why she should do so, she herself had no notion.



But I felt some sympathy for her odd fancy. Years ago I started to build up a collection of stamps which bore some imprint of Christian influence. I didn't care about the value of the items, nor which countries they came from; it was the Christian motif in the design that mattered.

Cathedrals, churches and monasteries were plentiful. Vatican City provided church emblems, the Dove, mitres, Apostolic keys, and so on. From British Colonies came a number of saints, and Malta offered the celebrated St. Paul stamp, this last item making a hole in my pocket, I remember.

Other men I have met had fascinating collections of ships on stamps, depicting all types of vessels, from the clipper, the pirogue on the Seychelles pictorial, to the "Normandie" and the modern battleship.

Ports of the world make a graphic record. I have seen, too, both agriculture and engineering portrayed in a postage stamp collection. The idea is amusing, and you can make your choice of subject.

In this column are illustrated two Free French overprints of the India Establishments.

The two Americans are from a series commemorating the development of communications.



**Good
Morning**

Any Pets Wanted



The world's most terrifying living creature the Gorilla. His vicious temper is perpetually raging. Ideal pal if you positively hate peace and quietness.



Rarely seen by the human eye, and thank goodness. A Star-nosed Mole who spends most of his time underground.



Roan Antelope Bull. Does not object to tick birds removing his vermin. Bit unlucky if you can't get tick birds as wife might not spring clean every day.



Sea Elephant at the Berlin Zoo known as Roland II. Well, well, so there WAS another one.



Charming, docile walrus. Would take up a bit of room in bed but doesn't mind who he sleeps with anyway.



Here is a real unicorn. Ideal for the family crest. Any offers?



Baby Potto, rare, even in West Africa. Though fond of one's hand still hangs on to "canoe paddle." Will travel at reduced fare so won't cost much.



The spine anteater of Australia. Guaranteed to give a permanent chill down the spine. Prevents one from getting too hot under the collar.